

HEALTH IN A CRASH TOWEL

HOW TO USE IT AND THE RESULTS THAT MAY BE EXPECTED.

If a Man Can Afford but One Device for a Course of Athletic Training, He Had Better Buy Towels—An Answer That Will Apply Generally.

A reader of The Sun, who signs the name of "An Insurance Office Clerk," writes to ask, "what sort of a device a young man who can afford but one" should buy "to improve himself in an athletic way." This is a very important question, for the young man who properly improves himself "in an athletic way" is likely to add twenty years to his life. To select a single device by which a young man who must sit at a desk all day may improve himself in an athletic way it is necessary to keep in mind the insidious foe of all athletic exercises—laziness. Once such a device as this is found and its use begun, the work of improvement is easily and comfortably continued.

Such a device is found in the crash towel. This is the judgment of athletes, prize fighters and physicians, to whom a reporter talked on the subject. If a young man can afford but a small sum of money for the purchase of an athletic outfit, let him buy crash towels.

The expensive towels are really worth the cost, if bought at a trustworthy store, but one can make a very good beginning with a two yard strip of twenty-five cent stuff.

HOW TO USE IT.

To make this beginning, wait until ready to go to bed. Having turned down the covers and made everything ready, strip stark naked. In winter in a fireless boarding house bedroom the air will make the young man shiver, particularly if the window has been open all day to purify the room. No matter. His back will itch a little, nevertheless. Grab the towel by the ends, throw it over the back and surge it to and fro. Comfort! Solid. It will make the back warm instantly. Keep it a-going, first over one shoulder and then the other, and then rub the arms to the finger tips with equal speed. Then attack the legs and hump yourself over it. In a little more time than it takes to tell how to do it the young man will find his skin aglow and the blood tingling in his veins.

Do not at the first trial keep it until tired, but do not let a hair's breadth of the skin escape a keen rubbing. Afterward, when used to it, rub longer. Then jump into the night shirt and into bed. It is taken for granted that every young man has a fresh shirt to sleep in at night. No man who sleeps in the clothes he has worn all day can live out his natural time.

In about two minutes after getting into bed it will be observed that every square inch of the body has become moist, that the towel has set every pore perspiring. This is a most cheering discovery. Ever since the young man was a boy he has known that his skin was simply a net, it was full of holes, and that these holes were the mouths of tiny sewers. The dams in the mouths of these sewers have been torn away by the crash towel, and the pent up sewage is flowing out. Sometimes these sewers are forced open by doses of quinine and other medicines. That process is very like blowing open a city's sewers with dynamite—circumstances may arise to make it necessary, but the crash towel makes no singing in the ears.

After contentedly considering the benefits of getting this stuff out of the body, let the young man think over some other good things that he did while using the towel. Very likely he will observe that certain muscles of the arms are tired, and that he was breathing lustily when he first got into bed. The active use of the towel made the lungs pump the wind in and out briskly. He has begun to improve his wind already. His arms are tired because in dragging the towel to and fro he used certain muscles which he had not used before to any extent, and the new use of them necessarily develops them. In rubbing the chest other muscles of the arms were used, while the muscles of the back and chest are squeezed and rolled about and the blood pressed through them by the motion; so they are strengthened.

In rubbing the limbs the young man had to stoop over and work himself up and down like the handle of a farmhouse pump. If that did not exercise and strengthen the muscles of the back and abdomen, nothing will. Farther than that, when rubbing the feet and toes it was necessary to stand on one foot. This did more than exercise the limbs lightly. It gave the brain a mighty good lesson in balancing, and the brain of young men working in offices cannot well be exercised so much in that way.

OTHER THINGS TO DO.

In considering these matters the young man has forgotten to worry about the cross things the boss said during the day, and so, no cares oppressing him, he goes to sleep instead of tossing about. That, too, is delightful and healthful. In fact, we find as we follow the good influences resulting from the use of this plain device that one benefit leads to another and another, so that with such simple exercises as may be taken without any appliances the sallow, hollow chested, fagged out, dyspeptic specimen of humanity becomes a living proof of the sound old adage that the glory of man is his strength.

This start on the road to improving himself in an athletic way was or should be made at night, because the work of the day has left the skin in such a condition that the use of the towel is really a luxury. No matter how lazy a man may be, he is not likely to omit an opportunity to use a crash towel thereafter. How long did he work with it? Certainly two or three minutes, probably five or six. Some men would use it ten. But the one feeling to overcome when beginning with the towel is impatience. Young men are likely to be in too great a hurry to get strong. The man in a hurry goes off half cocked. He does not accomplish anything.

When a man who has used a crash towel wakes up in the morning he may feel better than usual or he may not. The chances are that no great improvement will be noticed. That is no cause whatever for disappointment. Give the crash towel time. To help it, adopt the habit of leaving the windows open to promote ventilation and add the other habit of wearing a nightcap. With the windows open a man is practically out of doors. Would he go out of doors without a hat? Scarcely.

When morning comes and the young man must get up, he wishes he was rich so that he wouldn't have to work. However, needs must and out he gets. Strip, and for once try a towel bath. Wash the face with the hands, slapping the water up about the ears and neck, and then plunge a soft little towel, the typical boarding house towel, into the bowl, give it one good wring, open it out and

rub off all the stuff that oozed from the pores the night before, after the crash towel opened them. Shiver! Certainly. Whoop it up quickly but not hard, and thoroughly clean the skin. Take a dry towel and wipe the skin off quickly, and then grasp the crash towel as your best friend and rub as if your life depended on it. Life does depend on it. If the human machine is to last out its full number of years, it must not be allowed to get clogged. —New York Sun.

A KERNOOZER.

Theft of memorial brasses, and displacement, neglect or loss of armor from church tombs have been occasioning correspondence in the daily papers. Kernoozers may still rescue a great deal of the latter from oblivion, as, like all true connoisseurs, they are enthusiasts. The words kernoozer, kernoozing, need explanation. A man who was of humble birth and no education became so mixed up with artists that he gathered much knowledge on matters connected with art, and developed a taste to some extent for studying armor. He was often found in the celebrated Christie auction room, and on one occasion when armor was under the hammer, he of the rostrum asked Mr. — what was his opinion of the pieces, but Mr. — excused himself from giving any on the ground that he was no kernoozer. When a club of armor virtuosi was formed, and a name desired for it, some one suggested the adoption of Kernoozer, and now its sense is so extended that a verb is formed—I kernooze, you kernooze, he kernoozes, I should kernooze, he should kernooze, etc.—London Exchange and Mart.

Abstemious Indians.

It is often observed that man is a creature of habit. In the matter of drinking it is too often the case that he is the slave of habit. The practice of the South American Indians of the desert regions throws some light upon this subject.

These people are certainly not unlike the animals they breed in many of their habits, as hardy and enduring as the beasts of the field.

Often a native will find himself in the dry season at many leagues' distance from the nearest water. This troubles him but very little. Notwithstanding the dry, thirst giving nature of his diet, he can exist without drinking for days comfortably enough. Twice a week or so he will go down to water with his cattle to the nearest laguna and slake his thirst.

How unlike the white man, who has such an unfortunate tendency to get thirsty at all sorts of odd moments!—Youth's Companion.

The Iron Ring.

A Broadway jeweler has a magnificent solitaire diamond set into a hoop, not of gold, but of wrought iron, following exactly the model of the usual gold band.

"There is a superstition," he said, "that the wearing of an iron ring in some way brings good fortune and health to its possessor, and there are more people than one might imagine who wear a ring of this kind because of the little superstition. People like to get the benefit even of a superstitious whim which they know to be nothing more than fancy. And superstitions about jewels and ornaments are so ancient that in many cases they seem to have become an inherent property of the jewel itself, like the flash of the diamond and the dull gleam of color in the opal." —New York Evening Sun.

The Elephant Nurse.

In India, where the elephant is treated by his mahout almost as one of the family, the grateful animal makes a return for the kindness shown it by voluntarily taking care of the baby. It will patiently permit itself to be mauled by its little charge, and will show great solicitude when the child cries. Sometimes the elephant will become so attached to its baby friend as to insist upon its constant presence. Such a case is known where the elephant went so far as to refuse to eat except in the presence of its little friend. Its attachment was so genuine that the child's parents would not hesitate to leave baby in the elephant's care, knowing that it could have no more faithful nurse. And the kindly monster never belied the trust reposed in him.—Exchange.

"See How I Do It."

A contributor to Nature recounts the following instance of animal sympathy and instructive example: Some years ago we had two cats, a tabby and a powerful tom, perfectly white all over. One day I happened to be in the attic, and noticed them go out on the slates, when Tom jumped across the yard on the next roof. It appeared to me a splendid leap, considering the width of the yard and the height of the roof. When Tabby came to the edge of the slates her courage failed, and she uttered a cry of distress, whereupon Tom turned round and leaped back, and giving a cheerful mew, as much as to say, "Look how easily it can be done," jumped across again, this time followed by Tabby, to my great delight.

Lighting a Pipe with Ice.

Last winter quite a little excitement was caused among a party of skaters on the Serpentine river, England, by one of the party making a lens of ice and lighting the pipes of the others. This reminds the writer that this curious experiment was first brought before the public by Dr. Scoresby, who, when in the polar regions, to the great astonishment of his companions, who did not understand why the ice did not freeze the solar rays, performed the same remarkable feat.

It may also be worthy of remark that Professor Tyndall, when a tutor in the Royal Institution, on several occasions set fire to little heaps of gunpowder with rays from an electric arc concentrated upon the powder by lens of ice. His explanation was that, although ice absorbs rays of certain waves of light and is gradually melted thereby, other waves do not absorb, and these latter produce the heating effect at the focus of the lens. It is wholly a question of the relative motions of the molecules of frozen water and the motions of the waves of light.—St. Louis Republic.

Change of Programme.

American Girl—Ma, the Scotch lord has invited me to see the new tragedy with him to-night, and I see by the papers that the star is ill and the drama will not be produced. It's awfully provoking.

Ma—That does not matter, dear; you have seen that tragedy once, and no doubt some other play will be presented. Go with him, of course.

American Girl (after the performance)—You sat through that comedy without a smile, and it was awfully funny, too; I nearly died laughing.

Scotch Lord—Why didn't you tell me it was a comedy? I bought stalls for a tragedy.—New York Weekly.

Queer Beliefs.

The Fijian cannibal's emotions have reference for the greater part to food, so he worships the god Matawaloo, who has eight stomachs and is always eating.

The Tongans have a very curious dogma to account for a day and night being twenty-four hours long. It used to be less; the sun used to go down too quick. So one day a man caught it with a noose, and it had to go slower thereafter.

The ancient Peruvians believed that the sun once came down to the earth and laid two eggs and then went back again. From these two eggs men sprung.

The American Indians had a dogma that the sun was the one supreme god, and the moon was his wife. One tribe inhabiting a fearfully hot district worshipped the moon alone, saying that they had no use for the sun.

In the days of Columbus scientific dogmas asserted: If a ship should reach India she could never get back again, because the roundness of the globe would present a kind of mountain, up which it would be impossible to sail even with the most favorable wind.—Boston Globe.

How to Wear High Heels.

"This prejudice against high heels is a mistake," remarked a shoemaker, as he prepared to place an addition "lift" upon the heel of a shoe which he held in his lap.

"It depends entirely upon the natural shape of the foot. People with a high instep require high heels, and it is only the flat footed who feel easy with low heels.

"Slippers are positively injurious to most persons, especially if they attempt to do any unusual amount of walking in them. The low heels give no support to the ankles and cause the ankles to break down.

"Any person who finds in breaking in a new pair of shoes that there is a pain across the instep should know at once that the heels of the shoes are too low. I am satisfied that children suffer a great deal from this cause. Every individual should learn by experience how high the heels of his shoes should be, and select accordingly."—Kansas City Globe.

A Fascinating Calling.

Almost every clerk in a mercantile house aspires to the position of traveling salesman. A boy admires the self complacency of a merchant traveler, the style he puts on, the seductive yarns he relates, of which he always has a full store, and looks forward to a time when he may be able to follow the same avocation among the country merchants. Many of them who admire the calling make miserable failures of the business when they have an opportunity to try it. Others succeed without apparent effort, and become fascinated with the work. There are many salesmen on the road who could earn larger salaries in the city, but they prefer the bustle and excitement of traveling.—Drummer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Watching the Landmarks.

One of the most interesting studies of the habits of migratory fowl is the rare intelligence which they show in guiding themselves by prominent landmarks. An Englishman who was shooting in Labrador some years since recently stated that while in camp at the base of a range of hills he was interested in observing the precision with which flocks of wild geese changed their course when directly abreast of two prominences, conspicuous objects in the landscape. At that point they swerved from west to south. At times the old granders, leading flocks of young birds, were greatly troubled in enforcing their orders for a shift of route.—Exchange.

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